

The Girl from Tim's Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN
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SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods, is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Mrs. Pribble, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guide. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Pribble. Journey of Pribble's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Pribble, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Pribble's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip is one of the friends. Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bolduc, who escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi. Bolduc escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Amzi and trap during the winter, and he concludes to do so. Others of the party return to Greenville, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenville, and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Cogswell's, made so especially by Hannah. Old Cy and Ray discover strange tracks in the wilderness. They penetrate further into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the hermit who had been speaking about their cabin. They investigate the cave home of McGuire during his absence. Bolduc finds McGuire and the two fight to the death, finding a watery grave together. Ray returns to Greenville and waits for Chip. Ray wants Chip to return to the woods with him, but she, feeling that the old comradeship with Ray has been broken, refuses. When they part, however, it is as lovers. Chip runs away from Aunt Cogswell's and finds another home with Judson Walker. She gives her name as Vera Raymond. Aunt Abby, Aunt Mandy, Walker's sister, visits them, and takes Chip home with her to Christmas Cove. Chip goes to school at Christmas Cove. She tells Aunt Abby the story of her life. Aunt Abby tells her of her family, and she discovers that Cy Walker is a long-lost brother of Judson Walker, but fear of betraying her hiding place prevents her telling of Cy.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

It is said that great discoveries are almost invariably made by some trifling accident—a gold mine found by stumbling over a stone, a valley profile of diamonds disclosed by digging for water.

In this case it was true, for as Old Cy bent to light his second torch ere he withdrew from the inner cave, a flash of reflected light came from beneath this slab—only for one second, but enough to attract his attention.

He stooped again and lifted the slab. Six large tin cans had been hidden by it. He grasped one and could scarce lift it. Again his fingers closed over it. He crawled backward to the better-lighted cave and drew the cover off the can with eager motion, and poured a heap of shining, glittering coin out upon that food-littered table.

Into that dark hole he dived again, as a starved dog leaps for food, seized the cans, two at a time, almost tumbled back, and emptied them. Four had been filled with gold coin and two stuffed with paper money.

Folded from these bills of all denominations from one to fifty dollars was a legal paper yellowed by age, with a red seal still glowing like a spot of blood.

It was an innholder's license, authorizing one Thomas McGuire to furnish food, shelter, and entertainment for man and beast.

With eyes almost tear-dimmed and heart throbbing at having found poor Chip's splendid heritage, Old Cy now gazed at it.

The sharp stones upon which he knelt nearly pierced his flesh, but he felt them not.

The glint of sunlight from the crack above caressed his scant gray hairs and white fringing beard, forming almost a halo, yet he knew it not.

He only knew that here, before him, on this rude stone table, lay thousands of dollars, all belonging to the child he loved.

"Thank God, little gal," he said at last, "I've found what belongs to ye, 'n' ye hain't got to want for nothin' no more. I wish I could kiss ye now."

Little did he realize that at this very moment of thankfulness for her sake, poor Chip was lost to all who knew her, and half starved and almost hopeless, knew not where to find shelter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

When Old Cy emerged from the cave, his face glorified and heart throbbing with the blessings now his to give Chip, he looked about him with almost fear. The two abandoned canoes and the trusty rifle had seemed an assurance of tragic import, and yet no proof of this outlaw's death. That this cave had been his lair, could not be doubted; and so anxious was Old Cy to rescue this fortune, that he trembled with a sudden dread.

But no sign of human presence met his sweeping look.

The lake still rippled and smiled in the sunlight. Two deer, a buck and doe, were feeding on the rushgrown shore just across, while at his feet that rusty rifle still uttered its fatal message.

Once more Old Cy glanced all about, and then entered the cave again. Here, in the dim light and with trembling hands, he filled the cans once more, and almost staggered, so faint was he from excitement, he hurried to the canoe, and packing them in its bow, covered the precious cargo with his blanket.

Then he ran like a deer back to the cave, closed it with the slab, grasped his rifle, and not even looking at the rusty one, bounded down the path to his canoe again, launched it, and pushed off.

Never before had it seemed so frail a craft. And now, as he swung its prow around toward the outlet, a curious object met his eyes.

Far up the lake, and where no ripple concurred it, lay what looked like a floating log, clapped by a human arm. What intuition led him thither, Old

Cy never could explain, for escape from the lake was now his sole thought.

And yet, with one sweep of his paddle he turned his canoe and sped across the lake.

And now, as he neared this object, it slowly outlined itself, and he saw a grewsome sight—two bloated corpses grasping one another as if in a death grapple. One had hair of bronze red, the other a hideously scarred face with lips drawn and teeth exposed.

Hate, Horror and Death personified. Only for a moment did Old Cy glance at this ghastly sight, and then he turned again and sped back across the lake.

The bright sun still smiled calm and serene, the morning breeze still kissed the blue water, the two deer still watched him with curious eyes; but he saw them not—only the winsome face and appealing eyes of Chip as he lay behind them.

And now in the prow of his canoe lay her fortune, her heritage, which was, after all, but scant return for all the shame and stigma so far meted out to her.

It was almost sunset ere Old Cy, his nerves still quivering and wearied as never before, crossed the little lake and breathed a sigh of heart-felt gratitude as he drew his canoe out on the sandy shore near the ice house. No one was in sight, nor likely to be. A thin column of smoke rising from the cabin showed that the hermit was still on earth, and now for the first time, Old Cy sat down and considered his plans for the near future.

First and foremost, not a soul, not even his old trusted companion here, not even Martin, or Angie, and cer-

tainly not Ray, must learn what had now come into his possession. Neither must his journey to this far-off lake or aught he had learned there be disclosed.

But how was he to escape from the woods and these people, soon to arrive for their summer sojourn? And what if Chip herself should come? Two conclusions forced themselves upon him now: first, he must so conceal the fortune that none of these friends even could suspect its presence; next, he must by some pretext leave here as soon as Martin and his party arrived, and cease not his watchful care until Chip's heritage was safe in some bank in her name.

And now, with so much of his future moves decided upon, he hurried to the cabin, greeted Amzi, urged him to hasten supper, and, securing a shovel, returned to his canoe.

In five minutes the cans of gold were buried deep in the sand, and upon Old Cy's person the bills found concealment. How much it all amounted to, he had not even guessed, nor scarce thought. To secure it and bear it safely away from this now almost accursed lake had been his sole thought and must be until locks and bolts could guard it better. That night Old Cy hardly slept a moment.

Two days after, just as the sun was nearing the mountain top, Martin, Angie, Levi and Ray entered the lake.

How grateful both Old Cy and Amzi were for their arrival, how eagerly they grasped hands with them at the landing, and how like two boys, Martin and Ray behaved needs no description.

All that had happened in Greenville was soon told. Chip's conduct and progress were related by Angie. Ray's plans to remain here another winter were disclosed by him; and then, when the cheerful party had gathered about the evening fire, Martin touched upon another matter.

"I met Hersey as we were coming in," he said, "and he says that neither McGuire nor the half-breed has been seen or heard of since early last fall. Hersey came in early this spring with one of his deputies; they visited a half dozen lumber camps, called twice at Tim's Place, and even went over to Pete's cabin on the Fox Hole, but nowhere could they learn anything of these two men. More than that, no canoe was found at Pete's but, and there was no sign of occupation at all this past winter. Nothing could be learned from Tim, either, although not much was expected from that source. It is all a most mysterious disappearance, and the last that we can learn of Pete was his arrival and departure from Tim's Place after we rescued Chip."

"I think both on 'em has concluded this section was gittin' too warm for 'em," remarked Levi, "an' they've lit out."

"It's good riddance if they have," answered Old Cy, "an' I'm sartin none on us'll ever set eyes on 'em ag'in'."

And Old Cy spoke the truth, for none of this party ever did. In fact, no human being, except himself and Martin, ever learned the secret that this mountain-lake could tell.

But another matter now began to interest Old Cy—how Ray and Chip stood in their mutual feelings. That all was not as he wished, Old Cy soon guessed from Ray's face and actions, and he was not long in verifying it.

"Wal, how'd ye find the gal?" he said to Ray when the chance came.

"Was she glad to see ye?"

"Why, yes," answered Ray, looking away, "she appeared to be. I wasn't in Greenville but two weeks, you know."

"Saw her 'most every evenin' durin' that time, I s'pose?"

"No, not every one," returned Ray, vaguely, "her school hadn't closed when I got home, and she studied nights, you see."

Old Cy watched Ray's face for a moment.

"I ain't pryin' into yer love matters," he said at last, "but as I'm on your side, I'd sorter like to know how it's progressin'. Waln't that nothin' said 'tween ye—no sort o' promise, 'fore ye come 'way'?"

"No, nothing of that sort," answered

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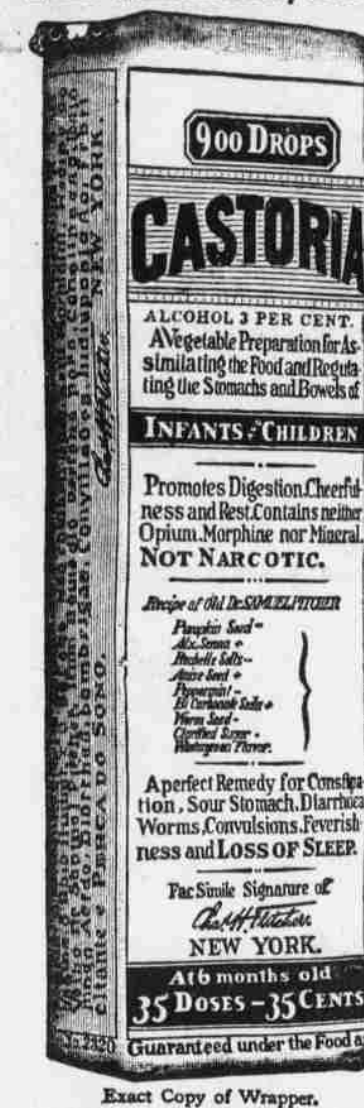
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Don't Poison Baby.

FORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and A FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. **CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS**, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. J. W. Dinsdale, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I use your Castoria and advise its use in all families where there are children."

Dr. Alexander E. Mintie, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "I have frequently prescribed your Castoria and have found it a reliable and pleasant remedy for children."

Dr. J. S. Alexander, of Omaha, Neb., says: "A medicine so valuable and beneficial for children as your Castoria is, deserves the highest praise. I find it in use everywhere."

Dr. J. A. McClellan, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I have frequently prescribed your Castoria for children and always got good results. In fact I use Castoria for my own children."

Dr. J. W. Allen, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I heartily endorse your Castoria. I have frequently prescribed it in my medical practice, and have always found it to do all that is claimed for it."

Dr. C. H. Glidden, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "My experience as a practitioner with your Castoria has been highly satisfactory, and I consider it an excellent remedy for the young."

Dr. H. D. Benner, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria as a purgative in the cases of children for years past with the most happy effect, and fully endorse it as a safe remedy."

Dr. J. A. Boardman, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria is a splendid remedy for children, known the world over. I use it in my practice and have no hesitancy in recommending it for the complaints of infants and children."

Dr. J. J. Mackey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I consider your Castoria an excellent preparation for children, being composed of reliable medicines and pleasant to the taste. A good remedy for all disturbances of the digestive organs."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



Wearry William—Excuse me, miss, but I see that you have had a tiff with your lover, and he has left you. Allow me to escort you home instead.

NO SKIN LEFT ON BODY.
For Six Months Baby Was Expected to Die with Eczema—Now Well—Doctor Said to Use Cuticura.

"Six months after birth my little girl broke out with eczema and I had two doctors in attendance. There was not a particle of skin left on her body, the blood oozed out just anywhere, and we had to wrap her in silk and carry her on a pillow for ten weeks. She was the most terrible sight I ever saw, and for six months I looked for her to die. I used every known remedy to alleviate her suffering, for it was terrible to witness. Dr. C. gave her up. Dr. B. recommended the Cuticura Remedies. She will soon be three years old and has never had a sign of the dread trouble since. We used about eight cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. James J. Smith, Durmid, Va., Oct. 14 and 22, 1906."

Selfish Etiquette.
Some rules on an old book on etiquette seem to encourage a practice commonly called "looking out for number one." Here are two of them:

"When cake is passed, do not finger each piece, but with a quick glance select the best.

"Never refuse to taste of a dish because you are unfamiliar with it, or you will lose the taste of many a delicacy while others profit by your abstinence to your lasting regret."—Youth's Companion.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed, it causes the drum to be inflated with air, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous lining. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness cured by our method. Send for circular, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Anything—Almost.
"Mrs. Ruckshier is a woman who seems to be willing to do almost anything for the sake of appearance."

"Yes—but she draws the line at wearing inexpensive hats for the sake of making her husband's task easier when he has to face the assessor."

Honorable Youth.
"Here, you, sir!" cried Miss Roxley's angry papa, "how dare you show your face here again?"

"Well," replied young Norvey, "I might have worn a mask, of course, but that would have been deceitful."

Stole a Train for a Lark.
Village Joker in a Washington Town Almost Caused a Wreck.

Bellingham, Wash. — The Great Northern—Seattle—Bellingham local train was stolen the other night from the depot where it was left for a few minutes while the crew went to lunch by Barkley McCutcheon, a town character. Jumping into the cab, McCutcheon threw open the throttle and away the train shot, going north at high speed. The bell was ringing and the whistle blowing.

The train crew rushed for the speeder and followed until it was discovered that the man at the valve had reversed the train and was retreating south. He had the train under full speed, and it was only by a narrow margin that the pursuing crew was able to get off the track. McCutcheon later stopped the train, bringing it to an abrupt stop.

McCutcheon, who is about 22 years old, was very much pleased with his experience. He was taken to the city prison and locked up.

When an awkward man lends a hand he's apt to put his foot in it.

SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliary Disorders. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Stomach Troubles, Colic and all the little ailments that bother you. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

160 FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE
Acre. Write for particulars to J. S. CRAWFORD, 125 W. Ninth St., Kansas City, Mo.; C. J. BROUGHTON, Room 430 Quincy Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Revised Homestead Regulations
Entry may now be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. Thousands of homesteads of 160 acres each are thus now easily available in these great grain-growing, stock-raising and mixed farming sections.

There you will find beautiful climate, good neighbors, churches for family worship, schools for your children, good laws, splendid crops, and railroads convenient to market.

Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to

PARKER'S HAIR BALM.
Gives the hair a natural, healthy, wavy look. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Beware of cheap imitations. Write for Free Sample. J. E. E. Address: Parker's Hair Balm, New York City. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

SOLDIERS' WIDOWS
April 19, 1906. Congress passed a law giving all widows of Civil War soldiers, having to days favorable service, a pension of \$12.00 per month. Write to J. E. E. BRYNANTON & WILSON, Attys., Washington, D. C.

ANKER-PAIN-EXPELLER
RELIEF IN A MINUTE. A SIMPLE CURE. Beware of cheap imitations. Write for Free Sample. J. E. E. Address: Anker-Pain-Expeller, New York City. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.